

4 GEORGIA on the phone, simultaneously cutting her toenails--could use an extra hand. She is dressed in a long t-shirt. FERN at aerobics class, moving, it would seem, a beat behind everybody else. They are separated by flimsy wooden crates. MAC, in wheelchair, is in another such little island.

Georgia

Yeah? Well you're wrong. Georgia knows herself all right. More of a wallflower. That's right. Shy. A shy one that's me. A busy shy one if you get me. I mean lots of activity but still you don't change. You stay the way you was.

Do what? Well that's a first. I thought I'd heard everything and tried most. I'd be dead if I had good sense. Uh huh. Well I'll tell you one thing: you heat up that sexed-up brain anymore [it]'ll explode.

Date? Sorry but I'm busy till 2000. Take a number. Anyways, I'd feel funny using that word. Date! Kiss MY ass. What?! Just an expression. Boy!

Oh? Both before it and after it? Whew! That's quite a promise I'd say. I'd have to consult with my cute young doctor--see if I'm up to it. Or him. Or he's up.

Listen! That other family member I knew didn't promise anything but he delivered--if I can remember correctly--and some stuff kinky for its time. Anyways, lots of great events [have] come and gone. Water under the bridge. And assholes. No! Not under the bridge. You know what I mean.

Hey! That's enough! Now slow it down! And talk is cheap, Old Baby. Now don't repeat yourself. Uh huh? I got that the first time. And too bad I did.

Don't hit me over the head I always say--I wanna be conscious to enjoy it. (a few beats)

No I don't get it--and if I do it aint funny.

I'm gonna get it? Oh don't I have to watch what I say? Holy Crap it's like junior highschool everything dirty. Like the Allowell School I guess. Well of course I don't have a ruler right here. Do you? Idiot.

Love is like football, a game of inches? Yeah? It's like football all right, complicated and dirty.

But real love talk don't have to be that dirty, fella. It has whatchacallit, ceased being funny. Now I'm gonna hang right up if you don't--

(From this point on, FERN 1) exercises more vigorously, 2) sarcastically imitates a rigorous young instructor, 3) makes faces in reaction to a scolding, 4) slows her actions drastically when the instructor's back is obviously turned, speeds up when being observed again, then 5) imitates the mincing quality of the instructor's departing walk.

(Each action can stop the flow of GEORGIA'S words, even though we can still see her talking in the silence, simultaneously concentrating on trimming her toenails, sometimes placing the receiver a foot or two away.)

Georgia (cont)

Hey! That's real nice. I take back half of what I thought. I walk in beauty like the night, right? Will you read me the whole book? That's better. It might cure the sex on your brain. Your sauteed brain. Hey I love it! I should write songs. Liver and onions. What else is sauteed? SAUTEEING: KEY TO KITCHEN SUCCESS--Food Section of Times or something. --"How sauteeing saved my marriage." Poisoned my boyfriend.

Listen. Now listen. If we're gonna do it--and we aint, fars I know--we'll eventually get to it. Don't worry so much. You aint gonna die, [at] least not today. And if you do, well that just one little bit of heaven you're just gonna miss. Then you can ask that other member of your family what it was like. So hot he left it, right? Glory does weird things. (covers mouthpiece with hand) GLORY'S WEIRD SAYS DEAD MARINE--National

Enquirer.

Now don't take off on weird. If we do it we'll stay, whatchacallit, convention--at least for a while, hey?

Convention-AL? Thank you. I wanna talk good English--I mean after the shit you talk I'll wanna bath in a minute.

Whew! Do you think up those slimy things by yourself or--? Good girls go to heaven and bad girls go everywhere? Well that's cute. Where'd you hear that one? Go on! The stuff you make up's at the bottom of the garbage pail. Bumper sticker? Well they do come up with them. Well now I don't know. Maybe somebody could make up a bumper sticker about a girl doesn't know one moment to the next whether she'll be good or bad. Have to be big bumper. (beat) But sometimes I know.

SHE KNOWS AND SHE DON'T KNOW--New York News. That's not a good one is it? Oh? I might keep you around [if] you keep up the compliments. Oooooops.

Well now that isn't a compliment. It is and it isn't. Listen! How about all this church work you're supposed to be doing? Uh huh. Get out! I heard that one before. Gotta test some sin out [to] get to know the enemy? And I'm the sinful vessel, right? A bible verse and then they get worse. And blame us for your fantasies [the] way you blame the faggots for your other ones. And beat 'em up. Poor bastards, they can't win for losing.

I had some AC-DCs and they were the sweetest. Sautee a little something in the pan--I remember that from recipes. Just a hobby if you ask me. Cooking? Nah, I mean religion for a lot of people today. Tomorrow [it]'ll be something else. Hang-gliding or something.

No I never heard of Hung-gliding, but would you believe that I enjoy that role? Sinful vessel I mean. Not always, but sometimes it's as good as a hot-fudge sundae or something. No, don't bring one over. I'm unavailable.

SINFUL VESSEL--LOCAL GIRL LOVES IT!

(Someone shoves MAC and wheelchair into the crates.)

There he goes again! I'll tell you you better bring a nice present [if] you do come over here, [after] forcing me to listen

to all this warped shit.

You will? From Fredericks? What? Just leave the receipt in there and I'll know how much to give you back. That stuff must cost a thousand bucks a pound it's so-o flimsy. Model? I try things on for myself--if you happen to be here--?

Hey! See-through pee-through, what do I care? I can't believe I'm saying this to you. (a beat) Oooops! Sounds like a heart attack. Gurgle gurgle. You take your pills? Oh oh. Now don't talk when you're dying. Didn't your mother ever teach you nothing?

What's that? Don't need pills for anything. Nothing, huh? Terrific.

Oh no! Uh uh. No more bragging. Uh huh? Yup. No more bragging, and no more gagging. All right?

Yeah. Uh huh. Well you just bring that old man's shrunken pee-whizzle over here and we'll see. SHRUNKEN PEE-WHIZZLE'S AMAZING!--The Star.

Uh huh. Yup. I said! We. Will. See. Not!
(GEORGIA laughs and hangs up, FERN collapses and flings her headband away, a crate falls just after BLACKOUT.)